

Eddie Reed and His Radio Rangers

For seven months, just off and on, Eddie Reed explored the grounds of Central Park. No one wondered why. If asked, he would have said that he was looking for a place where there just wasn't anything.

He figured (rightly and alas!) there really had to be one in a big old bag like this, where anything is possible. And what more likely place than Central Park?

So from August to next March he looked and cogitated. Looked again, recogitated, and by-the-Living-God, he found it: a tiny, perfect, round hole in the one dimension that covered up everything else.

"Now, that is something to remark about!" thought Eddie Reed, And the great gold/green and backward/flying bird that passed agreed.

Then it occurred to him he'd have to think just what was to be done about this (naturally) unnatural phenomenon, and Ed, remembering the childhood picture/story of the small dutch boy and dyke, he placed his finger in the hole, wondering what Nothing felt like,

If at all.

A couple thousand stars went nova on his eyelashes, and some big Nothing gave and burst, and presently he heard the voice of all the Universe next to his ear.

It sounded like a tiny, sexy moan.

-- Carl Larsen

New York, N. Y.

Maestro Insana's Room: 27

He never had his picture on the cover of Time or his name in Who's Who, But he did have a picture of Caruso Patting him on the head and his name Painted in black Gothic letters on the door.

-- Oliver Haddo

Milwaukee, Wisconsin